

Arlington Advocate.

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Vol. 1.

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No. 5.

Poetry.

THE IRON TAILED COW.

There was an old Farmer, who lived on the plain,
And kept a fine dairy—no matter his name;
He thrived and grew rich, though no matter how—
'Tis said he was helped by his Iron Tailed Cow!

His cows all produced the richest of milk,
Their coats were as smooth as the softest of silk;
He carded them well—took very great pains
To feed all he could of fresh Brewery grains.

His cans were all filled, and he kept up the flow,
How he did it, his neighbors all wanted to know.
And they tried all they could, but never could find—
Though were blessed with a very inquiring mind.

For so many cans, from the number of cows,
Was a marvel to them, when a part of his mows
Were kept until spring, and sold very high.
And none of his herd ever seemed to be dry.

They rowed and they swore they would find out
The way,
And they cudgelled their brains both by night and
by day.

At last they concluded their why's and their how's,
That the farmer must certainly shingle his cows!

In order to solve and settle their doubts,
They went to the barn and examined the spouts,
To see if they all went direct to the pail,
And they found a great Cow with a long Iron tail!

The milkman who took all the milk from the farm,
Said that milk from that cow would do him much
harm;
But the cream of the joke doesn't lie in the pans—
Says the fellow in Boston who looks at the cans.

The farmer at last thought it high time to talk,
Said he'd "beered of sich things as burnt sugar and
chalk,
And one thing was sartin, to have the milk nice,
It never would answer to doctor it twice!"

Now the Iron tailed costs but little to keep,
As all farmers know—when nothing is cheap—
And comes in so handy to fill up the pail,
As she always gives down as you lift up her tail.

This wonderful critter keeps up the supply
When all others fail, and the pastures are dry;
While the rest of the herd break out of the close,
She never runs off, though she runs at the nose!

How good it would be if the people could get
The lactical stream, as it comes from the teat;
But there's one consolation—for evil deeds past,
The Devil will claim all these fellows at last.

This Iron tailed cow must surely dry up,
As twice doctored milk isn't healthy to sup;
And the greedy old Farmer was left in the lurch,
And they strained him out quick from the pale of
the church!

Selected.

Caught by an Heiress.

There was quite a pleasant thrill of excitement on board the Mississippi steamer Columbia, bound from New Orleans to St. Louis, as she lay at the quay of the former city (do they call it a quay at New Orleans or a crevasse, or what?) just before starting on her voyage. The passengers were nearly all on board; the seemingly interminable process of rolling in casks of sugar and bales of cotton by vociferous awkward negroes had really come to an end; but the captain still stood on the quay, wharf, crevasse, or whatever it was, and the specified hour for departure had long passed away. The sun had gone down—it was in the latter part of April, before the fierce heats had set in to make Canal street a solitude and Carrollton a howling wilderness—and the crew and porters did their work by the light of the demonic looking little furnace or braziers filled with blazing pine wood, which were fixed at the steamer's bow. Among the impatient passengers the rumor was that the steamer was only waiting now to take on board a young heiress of immense wealth and social dignity, who was going up somewhere north and thence to Europe.

Some few of the passengers professed to know all about the matter. Their accounts, of course, did not agree in many particulars; but they all generally bore out one broad conclusion. The young heiress had only recently become enriched. The death of a distant relative, who amassed a huge fortune in South America, had made her, quite unexpectedly, an heiress. She had been brought up in a New Orleans convent, her mother being dead. Her father was traveling with her. Except as her father, he was quite a poor man, ruined in the war. Was she pretty? everybody asked. Nobody knew. Several on board were acquainted, more or less, with the father; not one ever professed to have seen the daughter.

While a general anxiety was felt to see the heiress, the ladies were much more

eager on the subject than the gentlemen. Men are very seldom curious about a woman whom they have not seen; women are just the reverse. The men on board the Columbia who felt or expressed the greatest desire to see the expected heiress were Colonel Sharpe, Hon. Capt. Deedes (of England) and Phil Pembroke.

These three ought to be clearly described. Colonel Sharpe was a small, dark-haired man, with eyes that gleamed like jewels. He was handsomely, perhaps floridly dressed; had an emerald in his shirt, and wore elegant glazed boots, small and dainty enough to have peeped beneath a petticoat. I should not have cared to have played billiards or euchre with Colonel Sharpe, who was most always playing one or the other. It is doubtful whether the military authorities at Washington could have furnished any explanation as to how Mr. Sharpe came by his title of Colonel; and I don't suppose Jefferson Davis knew anything more about the matter than General Grant. The manners of Colonel Sharpe to the ladies on board were elaborately polite and chivalrous, with an ostentatious dash of tenderness in them. When he took off his hat and bowed to a lady there was an air of sentimental confidence about the motion which seemed to hint that it was an act of homage paid to her, and her alone. Colonel Sharpe went up and down the Mississippi very often, and played cards immensely all the way, and drank many sherry-cobblers and much champagne and brandy, and he was ready to offer you a wager on any assertion whatever.

The Hon. Captain Deedes (whose regiment was stationed in Toronto) was an English younger son. He was a handsome, florid man, of thirty-five, with a neat brown moustache and brown whiskers and shaven chin, and hair lavishly oiled and carefully parted down the middle. He was especially remarkable for his unalterable composure and impenetrable self-possession. Nothing on earth or sea could disturb him, or shake his calm faith in his own superiority and that of his class to all humanity outside. He was poor, as befits a younger son; and like a true aristocrat, he cared not a farthing who knew it. He wanted to marry a woman with money; and he frankly acknowledged that, given the money, he would not be very particular about the beauty or intellect of the woman.

Phil Pembroke was a handsome young American, who had gone creditably, not perhaps very splendidly, through his university course, and had not yet quite found out what to do with himself in life. He was a wonderfully slow young American in that way; for he was twenty years old, and yet had hardly begun the world. He had very little money. His father and mother were dead. He had forced upon him, thorough family influence, a consulship in one of the British possessions, and, not liking the utter absence of real work, he had actually flung up the appointment, declaring himself disgusted with seeking, and vowing that he would live by his own brains and exertions or not at all. He was a manly young fellow, with a dash of the romantic about him; and he had still a poetic reverence for a woman, even when she wore high heels and assumed the Grecian bend—which I take to be the severest test of a man's devotion to a woman ever devised by fashion.

Colonel Sharpe thought something could be made out of the heiress or the father somehow. Captain Deedes he might have a try for the girl and her "tin." Phil Pembroke was anxious to see what the young lady might be like. In the weary hours before the steamer's departure these three had been together a good deal. Colonel Sharpe had won two bets from the Britisher, had played cards with him, but found that in the latter manly sport the Britisher could hold his own.

At last three carriages rattled down to the wharf. Several huge trunks and boxes and valises are taken aboard. Then comes an elderly gentleman handing in two ladies, both young apparently; then a smart French damsel, evidently a lady's maid, and then a colored man carrying a little dog in his arms. The ladies have their veils down, and nobody can make anything of them. The whole party passes in and presently disappears, absorbed in staterooms. At last the plank or stage is hauled in, the gun is fired and the steamer begins slowly to make its way through crowding craft of all kinds up the Mississippi.

The elderly gentleman and the ladies did not appear that night, and there was considerable disappointment among the company in consequence. Colonel Sharpe offered to bet the drinks that the taller lady was the heiress. Captain Deedes

would not bet, for he assumed with a yawn, that it must be so, seeing that the smaller of the two had shown in passing a very pretty foot and ankle; and girls with lots of money are almost sure to be "beef to the heels." Phil Pembroke thought that as the taller girl passed him he had caught through her veil the gleam of two very bright eyes; and he hoped these belonged to the heiress although, as he said rather grimly, within himself, it didn't matter much to him; as woman with beauty and fortune would not be likely to give herself much concern for a poor devil like him.

The French waiting-maid and the colored men both were seen flitting about the saloon, from this stateroom to that, during the evening. Colonel Sharpe privately interviewed them both, and came back to his fellow-passengers triumphant with his news. The tall young lady was the heiress; she was immensely beautiful and awfully rich. The school girl was only a traveling companion, a school friend of the heiress's convent days, now taken with her out of and in charity. The father was a quite old gentleman, who didn't amount to much anyhow. The daughter ruled the party. As Colonel Sharpe expressed it, "she bossed the whole lot."

The morning rose beautiful and bright over the yellow waters and the rich green shores. The heiress and her party had emerged from their state-rooms, and were graciously mingling with the general company. The heiress was really a very handsome girl—tall, pale, quiet, with a transparent complexion, long straight nose and magnificent fair hair. The other girl was a bright, pleasant little thing, without much pretensions, or any pretension to beauty, but with a pretty and compact little figure, just the person to be a very tidy and agreeable teacher or mistress in a well kept school, apparently. The father was a rather handsome, very gentlemanly gray-haired man, who talked willingly and agreeably enough, but had, every now and then, an odd, uncomfortable way of looking uneasily about him, as if he had something on his mind, or were in fear of some manner of detection. Our trio of traveling companions observed all these facts at first from a distance, at breakfast. It was *de rigueur* on the boat that a gentleman traveling without the escort of wife, daughter or sister, must not sit at the tables where ladies ate their meals. On deck, however all was liberty and equality, and it was not long before each of the gentlemen had made the acquaintance of the heiress and her father.

Captain Deedes made his way to the lady through the paps, to whom he offered a cigar as a propitiatory sacrifice.

Colonel Sharpe disdained such timorous and round-about ways. He boldly approached the young lady with two green volumes of Mrs. Southworth and the latest number of Godey's Lady's Book in his hand (the colonel was not great on literature), and taking off his hat with a splendid flourish and looking wonderful things out of his beautiful dark eyes, he blandly offered her those masterpieces of the modern school, and presently he was seen to offer her his arm, and, to use an expression adopted by himself, "tote" her up and down the deck. He came back, however, to his companions, after a while, and though he proclaimed the young lady "too splendid for anything," and intimated that he had made wonderful progress in the work of captivation, or at least of doubt, perceptible upon his face, and he drank two sherry-cobblers in quick succession.

Phil Pembroke, now piqued into trying his fortune, easily found a way of initiating an acquaintance with the heiress. Her name, by the way, he had heard to be Miss Rosetta Alexander. Now, Mr. Phil was fond of pretty names of women, and the "Rosetta" prepossessed him. Rosetta's face was certainly very handsome, and she received his advances—evidently those of a gentleman—with ready courtesy and apparent good humor. She had a bland, sweet smile, which she turned freely upon the young man as they talked common-places together; and Phil began to think she was a charming girl, and that he was very likely indeed to fall in love with her. That sweet, gentle smile! How winningly it turned to him! How it brightened and transfigured a commonplace as a moonbeam does a puddle!

Still the young man began to find that they were only talking commonplaces. That was a waste of powder. The white forehead, those eyes, that smile, they must have a fine intellect behind them. *Paulo majora*—he soon began higher themes. He talked of the scene, of lovely scenes in general; of nature, of the ocean, the desert, the Alps; of the places he had seen, and places he longed to see. Miss Rosetta turned her sweet smile upon

him, and blandly assented to all he said. "What a glorious sunset!" the half enamored youth exclaimed, and he gazed at the burning west.

"Beautiful!" replied Miss Alexander, with her sweet smile, as she glanced first to the earth and then to the steamer's deck.

Phil felt a little disappointed, but he tried another track. He turned to books. "This," he said, apropos of something, anything, "reminds me of a part of 'The Earthly Paradise.'"

"Yes," replied the sweet smile, "which part?"

"In 'The Land East of the sun.' Do you know it?"

"No," with the sweet smile, "I never was there."

"Oh, I meant the poem! Have you not read it?"

"No; is it nice?"

"Charming, I think. Have you not heard of it?"

"No." The delicious smile.

"But you are fond of poetry?"

"Oh, yes." The winning smile anew.

"And you read poetry, I know?"

"Oh, no; indeed I don't." Smile repeated.

"Who, then, are your favorite authors?"

"My favorite—" Smile equally sweet, but interrogatory this time.

"Authors." Phil a little disheartened.

"I don't like any of them. They are all so dull; and when one tries to read them, they give one such a headache."

The smile was now as sweet and placid as if it were worn by an Egeria, pouring out the finest treasure of her serene intellect upon some rapt admirer.

Phil soon politely bowed himself away.

"I can't fall in love with a smile and a fortune," he said to himself. "My British friend may try his chance, and welcome if he will. She ought to marry Lord Dunderbary."

In withdrawing he nearly stumbled over a lady, and stopped to make an apology. She was a plain little body enough, but she had good eyes, and a very expressive mouth—too expressive, Pembroke thought just then, for she seemed as if she were laughing at him.

"She has seen my discomfiture," he thought, "and it amuses her."

Pembroke's apology led to an interchange of a few words. The young girl spoke in a clear, ringing voice, which had some character in it, and attracted our somewhat discouraged youth. He uttered a commonplace or two, but to his amazement the young girl cut him short by calmly saying:

"Thank you. But suppose we meet each other on the deck or the stairs a few times more and look at each other without speaking, until we get better acquainted."

"Why so?" asked puzzled Pembroke.

"Wouldn't that be a better way of opening an acquaintance, than a prelude of unmeaning commonplaces that no one cares about?"

"Well, I suppose people must begin with commonplaces. It's like moving the pawns in the beginning of a game of chess."

"Is it? I thought there was some purpose generally in every movement, even of the pawns. But, indeed, the beginning of a game of chess is very dull to me, and I am always longing to get over it."

"Some people can only talk commonplaces," observed Phil, thinking of his recent interview.

"Then, why not keep one's stock for dealing with such people?"

Somebody else came up, and this saucy little lady got out of the odd discussion.

"She goes in for being eccentric," Phil said to himself. "She has no money and no beauty, and she thinks it best to be odd. I suppose she envies the good looks and fortune of her young mistress or friend, or whatever she is. Poor thing! Woman without money or beauty must do something."

Captain Deedes walked the deck that day for nearly an hour with the heiress, and reported her to be a nice, quiet girl, with no nonsense in her. He said he hated our talking women—strong-minded, and blue-stockings, and all that.

Yet the sweetest smiles of Miss Alexander did undoubtedly seem to be leveled at Phil Pembroke. Phil felt a little flattered, and tried to think her delightful. But he really couldn't succeed. She was importantly placid, sweet and dull.

Pembroke talked a great deal to Mr. Alexander, and was much pleased with the quiet intelligence and varied knowledge of the old gentleman. But he was greatly puzzled by the obvious uneasiness and awkwardness which sometimes took possession of the latter, when the two women were near.

None of the other ladies on board liked the heiress. At first, they were nearly unanimous in praising Miss Roberts, the

companion, who had neither face nor fortune to boast of. But they soon found her odd and satirical, and pronounced her bold, and didn't like her at all. Some thought her manners highly unbecoming for a person of her class.

The day after the first exchange of words Pembroke came on deck and found Captain Deedes and Colonel Sharpe, one at each side of Miss Alexander, doing their best as rivals to interest and please the heiress. Miss Roberts sat at a little distance, reading a book. Phil was rude enough and inquisitive enough to draw near her from behind, in order to see what the book was. It was Moliere, and she was reading *Le Misanthrope*, apparently with interest.

"Come," he thought; "a woman, who can read Moliere, is worth something. Why hasn't she the money, or even the beauty?"

Presently she glanced at the heiress and her admirers, and an idea seemed to strike her. She took up a scrap of paper and began to draw something on it.

Pembroke presented himself boldly, and plunged into conversation at once by asking her whether she was sketching any of the scenes of the river. She seemed a little embarrassed, and said:

"Oh, no; I don't even care to spoil my impression of a river or tree by caricature. I hate silly women, who waste their time over amateur sketches or scenery."

"But you have been drawing something; may I see it?"

She tore it in two, crumbled the pieces and tried to throw them over the side. But the wind threw them back almost to Pembroke's feet, and he was malign enough to catch them, flatten them out, and put them together. He saw two wonderful little sketches, each done in a few touches—one of Captain Deedes, whose head was so manipulated as to look like that of a sheep; the other, of Colonel Sharpe, made suggestive of a jackal.

"You have a wonderful gift with a pencil," said Pembroke, gravely and earnestly, "and you see far enough into people. But don't abuse your gifts; do not be ill-natured. We are all afraid of satirical women."

"Well, I am sorry I caricatured them, since anybody saw it, not because it is ill-natured, but only because they are not worth satirizing or caricaturing."

"Captain Deedes seems a very gentlemanly man, I think."

"Yes, a gentleman in keen search of a fortune owned by any woman foolish enough to give it to him. And Colonel Sharpe? Does he seem to you a gentlemanly person also?"

"Well, I guess not. I wonder what your friend, Miss Alexander, thinks of him?"

"I don't believe she is thinking about him at all, even now. But if you were to try—"

"Should I have a better chance?"

"Much better. Go and test it for yourself."

"Not I! Like Lucius in the 'Rivals' I am too poor a man to do anything shabby. I couldn't afford to run after heiresses."

Miss Roberts's eyes flashed on him a look full of keen inquiry. She rose, made a quiet bow and left him.

"A strange girl, full of talent," he said to himself; "made cynical, I suppose, by seeing a pretty idiot proffered to herself by every man, just because the idiot has money and she had none. I must talk to her again."

He did talk to her again and again. He found her *piquante*, bright, brimful of intelligence, and for all her occasional sharpness of speech, full too, of good feeling, tenderness and sensibility. He began to think her pretty, and more than pretty. The brave Colonel Sharpe was highly amused at our hero for having taken up with the companion in default of the heiress, and offered to bet the drinks and cigars that before the steamer reached St. Louis, Pembroke would find himself compelled to fall on the French waiting-maid. But Pembroke received the suggestions with such a frown, and one or two words so angry and fierce, that the intervention of good humored Captain Deedes was urgently needed to restore pacific relations. After that Pembroke was allowed to go his own way unheeded, which he did.

An amazing amount of incident, event, romance, love-making, passion, marriage-making may be crowded into a voyage between New Orleans and St. Louis, and yet not seem crowded either. This voyage, thanks to an unusual strength and current in the river, was slower and longer than usual. By the time the steamer had reached Memphis, Phil Pembroke was in love with Miss Roberts, and by the time the steamer had reached Cairo he knew it.

Concluded on fourth page.

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ARLINGTON, JAN. 27th, 1872.

THE CHRONICLES OF MENOTOMY.

BY RUMFORD.

CHAPTER II.

The second visit of the "Boys," and what they heard and saw.—Jonathan.

The old "Whittemore House," so well known since the days of the incorporation of this ancient town—we are now speaking of West Cambridge, which dates its act of incorporation back to 1807—was built of the best of good old substantial timber, and, like all the old premature landmarks of the times, had a distinctive history. It lived in the memory of many men—and, like the "Old Brattle," had its steady patrons—both differing somewhat in their characters, as we shall see by our pencilings by the way.

One very stormy night—and on such a night, that all boys should have been within doors, if not abed—our "Boys" learned by some means that a meeting of the "Old Cocked Hats" was to be held at the old hotel. Well, the six boys, by some means, all knew of it, and as a matter of course, all were there; and the old men of the village also were there, as was their accustomed wont.

The table, a large old oaken table, (we don't see many such tables in these days,) set in the centre of the room, and the long tallow candles, in longer candlesticks, set upon the table (three of them), and sundry little "Josies" (I believe they called them so) adorned this spacious beard. These Josies were a half pint bicker, or mug, made in shape like an old Dutchman, or "Knickerbocker," with an open cocked hat for the opening, not unlike in shape to the hat worn by an old English beadle. In fact, the little grotesque mugs were a true embodiment of that old Buffle of bye gone days.

Next, do I not well remember, at this writing, a remark of one of the boys, at the time? Henry said: "O, I shall cough, I know I shall—the old tallow smells so badly." "Smells?" says his brother George, "it stinks." Here a titter came in all round, and with much effort a loud laugh was suppressed by the lobby boys, which laugh, had it come off, would have completely broken up this juvenile ring of the third house. However, no such explosion took place, and the attention of the Lobby was directed, as usual, to the old round table, through the crack of the door.

An old, good-looking gentleman, who rejoiced in the name of Jonathan, (you all know of him, readers, if you could only place him,) one of the old pillars of the town, was speaking of one Clark, who was a descendant of a royalist and had the reputation of being a royalist himself. This Clark, it seemed, was a man not at all after the heart's desire of the said Jonathan aforesaid.

Anyway Jonathan opened * upon him powerfully.

And as what he said most intimately affects the remainder of these chronicles, we shall reserve his speech for another chapter; promising, by the way, that—as this is a veritable history, almost entirely devoid of fiction—it is necessary to its kind reception that it be well understood. Then and now had each as distinctive meaning, as have the olden memories of those days, of West Cambridge—and the now wide-awake, full-fledged, live and kicking Arlington.

We are now speaking of a different people—the men, who were called the pride of the village, the pillars of the commonwealth, and the defenders of the national weal.

And shall we write anything of wrong, or untruth, of the men in whose veins ran our purest blood?—Never!

West Cambridge has its heroes of the past, and they have their own proud history. Arlington, also, has its history; and we are, as an impartial historian, faithfully to chronicle what we know of them. And let the descendants of the old, and new, ponder these facts in their hearts; and may they be made better, for having read in these "Chronicles of Menotomy" a true history of true men,

from whom so many of them are nearly or remotely descended.

* Our readers will pardon us, if, in the course of these Chronicles, we use some, if not many terms now in use in these present times, for the reason of being better understood. We know it is not at all complimentary to the old heroes of whom we speak to have to use so many of the modern terms now in use in Arlington. We are sorry, but cannot help it. And they are nearly all dead, and cannot therefore reproach us for our temerity.

ARLINGTON LOCALS. GOLDEN WEDDING.

MR. EDITOR.—I had the pleasure last Tuesday evening, of attending a golden wedding at Mt. Vernon, N. H., at the house of William Conant, Esq. It was the anniversary of the wedding of Thomas and Nancy Cloutman, now over seventy years of age. There were about 150 present from all parts of the country, including Arlington, for the venerable couple have a great reputation for hospitality. After some time spent socially Mr. Conant made a speech and introduced the clergyman who had married Mr. and Mrs. Cloutman 59 years ago. He said he had married hundreds of couples, but this was his first golden wedding, and he hardly knew what to say. He could hardly realize that this was the fair and blooming Nancy whom he united to the young and handsome Thomas half a century ago. How well they had fulfilled the vows they then took he would leave it to the relatives and friends to say. They not only had loved and cherished each other, but they had early vowed to love and obey God, and they had been true to all their obligations. He closed his remarks by commending them to the God whom they had so faithfully served. A "limb of the law" from Boston, and a "fat little editor" from Lowell added to the sport, and a famous "fisherman, hunter and Nutter," had to tell how he fished and got caught by one of the daughters. A gentleman from New York, who hoped to live a century, also spoke. And finally Mr. Conant called on the ladies, and as they always respond to a call, they gave us some of the best speeches of the evening.

The following original hymn was sung to the tune of America.

Time, in its rapid flight,
Has brought us here to night;
Let joy overflow
Come, friends and kindred, raise
With us the voice of praise
For happy golden days—
Fifty years ago.

The youthful bridegroom then—
Now threescore years and ten—
Led forth his bride
A blushing maiden fair:
They at the altar swear
Each other's lot to share,
What e'er befall.

They planted then the tree
Whose branches now we see
Extending wide;
With growth of FIFTY YEARS
Amid their hopes and fears,
Behold it now appears
Their joy and pride.

Our happy homes shall tell
How wisely and how well
Their hopes were laid:
Still may its branches grow—
Long may its boughs swing low—
And children's children know
Its grateful shade.

Fond memory brings to night
Old friends who were the light
Of other days;
Dear forms and faces, where
Now stands the vacant chair,
Have gone to climes more fair;
We'll chant their praise.

God bless our family tree,
And make it fruitful to be
Joy, peace, and love;
Guide gently young and old,
Bring all within the fold,
To sing, with harps of gold,
"Sweet home" above.

The evening closed socially, with chat, and song, and dance, and was altogether one of the happiest times I ever attended. The song says "I would not live always," but I would like to live long enough to have a golden wedding, and if I do you shall have an invitation from

MARK.

THE METHODISTS.—We understand, from good authority, that the meetings of the "Praying Band" of the Methodist Brothers are kept up with an unflagging interest, on Sunday evenings, at the Town hall in Arlington. An increasing attention is evinced to the subject of personal religion, by many persons; and any one conversant with the customs of our quiet inhabitants, will at once understand that, however much they may differ in their conceptions of the true worship of the Deity, but few will be found so Godless as to completely ignore the claims of the Allwise Creator to a recognition of his entire supremacy. One of the least—though a result of these meetings, very gratefully acknowledged by many citizens—may be seen in the entire absence of a large gathering of "large boys" and some young men, who made a Sunday evening rendez-vous of the steps of the Town hall. These parties are now absent from their old haunts, and perhaps have entered the

Hall from motives of good. We at least hope so, and for this change to the better we are grateful. There are persons in this town in number sufficient to fill our Town hall full every Sunday evening; and if they will only go there with the devout desire of getting good, they may rely upon that they will be cordially received, and blessed of God.

LAW SUIT.—The suits brought by Oliver Dickson of Somerville, and Joseph E. Dickson, of Annapolis, Md., against the town of Arlington to recover damages for injuries received at Alewine Brook crossing, are on the docket and will probably come up at Cambridge this week.

BALL.—The Lawrence Rifles, Co. F, 5th Reg., numbers several Arlington young men in its ranks. The company gives a ball at the Town Hall, in Medford on the 2d of February. Gilmore furnishes the music, the tickets are a \$150, and good time is expected.

SERENADES.—The Calithumpians have been out in force this week. Monday night they called on Richard Welsh, but Richard was non est. Calling on Joshua Robbins they fared better, as they were invited in and treated hospitably.

FUNERAL.—The funeral of W. F. Wellington was held in the Universalist Church, and was very numerous attended. Rev. Mr. Ryder, his pastor, and Rev. George Hill, of Dedham, officiated.

FAIR.—The fair last week was very successful, netting the projectors over \$800. The mammoth sheep went to Mrs. N. M. Fessenden; quilt, Mrs. Wm. Green; afghan, Ellen Cutter; harness, Albert Winn; robe, R. W. Shattuck; tea set, W. W. Rawson; easy chair, Mrs. Morton; Wakefield chair, Mrs. W. Reed; rooster, Mrs. Stephen Locke; chromo, Addie Hill.

RASCALLY.—Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, who lives on the edge of the Lake, owns a right of way to the water, and at its terminus put up a wharf from which to enter his boat in the rowing season. The ice company objected to this, and complained to the town, but the wharf was allowed to remain. Tuesday night, some evil disposed person or persons, took up the platform, and removing it to the island, set fire to it, and it was destroyed. No good citizen would sanction such proceedings, and it is to be regretted that there are persons, who can be induced to perpetrate such things.

OFF THE TRACK.—Two ice cars run off the track Wednesday evening, and were smashed up, at the ice houses.

BARBECUE.—There was a barbecue, supper, shooting, and other good things at the Spy Pond House, Thursday evening.

F. A. M.—At the meeting of the Hiram Lodge, Thursday evening, the Junior Warden Geo. B. Tufts, filled the place of W. Master Storer, whom we regret to learn is ill. Bro. Tufts made a very creditable appearance.

Many citizens of Arlington are desirous to know whether the Water Shed of the "Lexington Meadows" the seat of future reservoir, has not had a "burst" and taken up its location for the present between the Universalist church and Russell's store? We saw considerable wading in water the other day in this locality, and wish Major Rawson would just whisper a word in the Selectmen's ear about that water. Arlington locals are generally good, but we have not seen the first person who says this foot deep water is a good local.

RUSSELL PARK.—Will not some one of our citizens inform us what disposition is to be made of that elegant (?) and costly piece of land quite recently enclosed with a massive wall of granite. Will not some public spirited inhabitant, (and so deserve a granite monument) by moving some grand and startling innovation, the execution of which shall startle the oldest inhabitants, and even cause the school boys, who "dig holes" and "play marble" thereon, to look up—in time to get out of the way of the "tip carts." We feel quite sure something of the sensational or very startling is soon most assuredly to take place—very soon. Why? We saw as we were passing down Adams street the other afternoon, three very respectable gentlemen engaged in very earnest conversation, and from their gestures, appearance, and costume, believed them to be neither brothers nor men of Tyre, nor were they seeking to leave the place; on the contrary, one of

them, the shortest, after considerable search brought from the recesses of his corduroys, a huge pipe, which he proceeded to fill with a species of weed, the smell whereof, would be sufficient to keep *Bergh*, and all canine protection, at a most respectable distance. Although there was some better smoke smelt on this occasion, we are sure that the recently began "experiments" on Russell Park will not all end in smoke.

THE NEW CEMETARY.—This most beautiful and appropriate piece of ground, thanks to the late good sense of the citizens of the town, is yet to be laid out as an enclosure for the "precious dust" of our dear deposited friends, fitting and appropriate as such places should be; we only hope that the appropriation to be asked for Russell Park, will not be so large as to absorb all the available funds which may be in the Town Treasury. We shall further discuss at a fitting opportunity the merits of this cemetery question, and we believe make it quite apparent to our townsmen that this not only a good, a Christian investment, but one which will in the end put money into the town treasury, after well and liberally paying all necessary outlays. In short be such a local as shall be deemed of sterling value to the citizens of the town.

OFF THE TRACK.—A horse car run off the track, but was soon run on again last Thursday.

ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday, Mrs. Emily Snow, tripped in coming out of her house, and falling fractured both bones of her forearm.

SMASH.—A horse belonging to our water works contractor run away on Thursday, and broke a wheel of the carriage to which he was attached.

ARLINGTON YACHT CLUB.—In the early spring of last year, several of the nautically inclined young men of this town, organized themselves into what would terminate the above-named organization, and efforts were immediately pushed forward to produce this result. Several yachts had been owned and used upon Arlington Lake, or rather Spy Pond as it was called previous to a year since, but no concerted action had been taken to awaken any interest, until the time before alluded to. As soon as the subject was agitated, many of our citizens showed their approval of it, and great encouragement was given to proceed to effect the carrying out of their plans, and nine boats were immediately entered as members of the Club. Of course they were satisfied to follow after the mode adopted by other organizations, and a regatta, with prizes as recompense, was proposed. Our readers have been informed, from time to time, during the past season, of the many that have taken place, of the calm existing at times, of foul weather at others; but undaunted, this little band have been resolved to maintain their course, and to-day Arlington ought to be proud in the possession of so fine an institution as the Arlington Yacht Club. To the original number, four have been added since its commencement, and the men are contemplating making more additions the coming season. Indeed, we are aware of two parties who are contracting with builders at this time. As facts were realized, and plans matured, events grew from them, and we noticed that several modern boats were introduced last year. The countenances of the people smiled favorably upon them, and instead of the former manner of disposing of their yachts, a large, substantial, and very tasty boat-house is to be built immediately at the foot of Spring Valley. Contributions have been made, unsolicited in many cases, and very soon the citizens will have the pleasure of seeing as neat a building as any used for the same purpose as a one which will be an ornament to the town. It is to be built at the foot of Spring Valley, on the North West side, and will be 20 feet long by 40 feet wide, with an height of eight feet from the water's edge to the point at the angle of the roof. A plank floor is to be laid, three feet above the water mark, which will allow the yachts to pass under it and still be unharmed. An upper story is to be added, which will be finished off and used as a hall, in which to hold the meetings of the club. From an upper story, a door opens upon a balcony, from which an entire view of the Lake can be obtained. This is a grand feature added to the tasty affair. On the outside of the house a platform is to be built, to be used on landing, which will be 30 feet long, by 15 feet wide. The boat-house will be very substantially built, clapboarded and painted in appropriate colors. The estimated cost of the whole is fifteen hundred dollars, but as contributions continue to arrive, more expense may be incurred, and consequently more taste displayed; as it is, our citizens may well feel proud of the Arlington Yacht Club. The following are the names of the officers:—Commodore, S. S. Prentiss; Vice Com., W. G. Peck; Treasurer, Arthur Poland; Secretary, E. S. Fessenden; Measurer, J. J. Eaton, Jr.—*Medford Journal*.

ACCIDENT.—Michael O'Neill a married man in the employ of Addison Gage & Co., at the Ice house last Monday, fell and broke a number of his ribs, and otherwise injured him, he was taken to his home at the Brick Yards.

CRACKER TEAM CRACKED.—Tuesday Bond's cracker team in driving through town tipped over, spilled the crackers and broke the wagon. Wright made it all right.

We learn that a concert is under consideration by the choir of the First Congregational church to take place at no distant period.

ACCIDENT.—Last Monday Jeremiah Donnavan while at work with a tip cart had one of his hands caught and badly torn.

THAT WATER.—The prospect grows every day "better and better, that the inhabitants of Arlington will have all the water they wish from the Lexington great meadows. Doubtless there will be a few of the frogs left. But we opine that upon the letting on of the water but a few of the speckled belled broakers will be left in Arlington, for the reason that they will have all sought the fountain head of their disquiet, and buried themselves beneath the clear waters of the Lexington lake. We shall see.

MYSTIC STREET.—Wants to know, if some enterprising citizen or citizens do not desire to purchase the "loose stones" that are now so thickly lying upon that street. If they were eggs, the horses would probably break some dozens every day. Does not any one want them?—Do not all speak at once. If they are not soon removed, all the neighbors will turn out and pitch them into Pierce's "Pond hole." One public spirited individual has already commenced a raid upon them.

LEXINGTON LOCALS.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.—The Musical Committee prepared a very acceptable programme for the citizens, on Thursday evening, Jan. 18th. The exercises consisted of vocal and instrumental music by the Highland Quartette, assisted by Miss M. E. Clark, soprano, and Miss Julia A. Wells, contralto. Mr. J. P. Weston presided at the piano. The efforts of the artists were crowned with success. They exhibited no inconsiderable amount of talent. The selections were rendered in a very acceptable manner, and the concerted pieces especially, showed that study had been bestowed upon the work. While all did well, yet one or two voices stood out a little more prominently than the others. The contralto of Miss Wells was very fine, and she bids fair to occupy a high local position. Mr. Hathorne, the basso, possesses a fine voice, something extraordinary, we may say. By singling out one or two, we do not wish to be understood as finding fault with the others. We have naught but thanks for the pleasure they afforded us. We believe they will give another concert at the close of the season, and we hope the public will endorse them. It would be an improvement, we think, if the programme included some few selections of a lighter nature and quicker movement. Lighter music may not allow such a display of vocal talent, yet it pleases the popular ear, and that is the all-important point. We would suggest, therefore, the introduction of some few pieces of a livelier nature, into the next entertainment. The artists, together with a number of citizens, were entertained by Mr. C. C. Goodwin, after the concert. The next evening in the lecture course, as we announce in our advertising column, will be filled by Mr. Wyze-man Marshall and Miss Lucette Webster, will give us a reading entertainment. We can promise our readers and the public generally, a treat.

ENTERPRISING.—Mr. A. Goddard is building a new house upon Muzzey street. Our friend, A. L. Bail, has charge of it, and we all know that he is a driver. In fact A. L. only wants the *addin'* of a few letters to make him the rival of that wonderful personage, who built palaces in a night.

WATCH—DOG.—The celebrated Elgin watches—sold by Nichols—are good timekeepers, but they don't begin to make the time that that party did, Sunday. That was a queer race. The umpire has declared all bets off, as the dog claims that the send-off was unfair, and that the barn-door was shut before he got there.

MASONIC.—The following officers of "Simon W. Robinson" Lodge, have been installed for the present year, as follows:

W. M., George O. Davis.
S. W., A. E. Scott.
J. W., J. Bryant.
Treasurer, B. C. Whitcher.
Secretary, L. G. Babcock.
Marshall, W. E. Russell.
S. D., C. C. Goodwin.
J. D., George E. Muzzey.
S. S., G. F. Jones.
J. S., George S. Butters.
I. S., C. K. Tucker.
Tyler, A. L. Ball.

E. L. D. C.—The entertainment given by the East Lexington Dramatic Club, on Monday evening, Jan. 22d, was very well attended, and gave general satisfaction. "Doing for the Best," the drama, was well presented, the characters being well sustained throughout. Mr. J. E. Crone, in the character of "Dick Stubbs," was remarkably good, showing much study and a fine conception of the part. The drama was followed by the farce of the "Widow's Victim." To be honest, we must say that we think that Mr. Mills can do much better in other characters than that of "Jerry Clip;" for instance, that of "Ironside," in "Nine Points of the Law." As "Ironside" Mr. Mills showed to great advantage. He played it with a grace and elegance highly commendable. With all due deference, we think that "Jerry Clip" is not Mr. Mills' speciality. Miss Crone as "Jane Chatterly," was very good, and pleased the audience highly. Mr. Tower, as "Podge," surprised us agreeably, it being the best thing we ever saw him do. The club is young, but they promise well for the future, and they have our hearty wishes for their success. We hope to see them again during the season.

Married

In Arlington, 18th Inst., by Rev. George W. Cutler, Edwin F. Kendrick, of Medford, and Mary F. Whittey, of Arlington.
In Arlington, Jan. 21st, by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. Joshua Robbitt and Miss Mary Coughlin, both of Arlington.
In Arlington, Jan. 21st, by Rev. Mannasses P. Dougherty, Richard Welsh and Margaret Lines, all of Arlington.

LEXINGTON POST-OFFICE.
Mail arrives at 7.50 A. M., and 4.50 P. M.
Mail closes at 9.00 A. M., and 4 P. M.

Lexington Entertainments.

The Eleventh entertainment will be given at the Town Hall, Feb. 1st, 1872.
Consisting of Dramatic Readings by WYEMAN MARSAALL, the eminent Elocutionist, and LUCETTE WEBSTER, the Popular Reader.

PROGRAMME.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.
Shakespeare
WOUNDED. Rev. William E. Miller.
WILLIAM TELL. Selections. Sheridan Knowles.
NOSEUT IN HEAVEN. Mrs. Cleveland.
TRIAL FROM PICKWICK. Charles Dickens.
PYRAMUS AND THISBE. John G. Saxe.
SEVEN AGES OF MAN. Shakespeare.
THE BELLS. Edgar A. Poe.
SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. Selections. Sheridan.
AUCTION EXTRAORDINARY. Mrs. Davidson.
Tickets may be had at the Post Office, and at the door. Single Evening, 25 cents. Ten cents for children under 14 years.

\$5000

Saved yearly to those who buy their

Watches, Clocks,
Sewing Machines,
Jewelry and Silver Ware,

AT

DODGE'S

JEWELRY STORE,

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MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

The best assortment in Middlesex County.

No trouble to show Goods.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

Repaired at short notice.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH.

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unequaled.
BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS, under other names. It is the only one that will not rub off, and will not injure the surface.
THE RISING SUN POLISH IN BULK, for stove dealers' use, at 100 cents per gallon, in 5-gallon cans, and 25 cents per can, for retail.
THE RISING SUN LUMBER POLISH, for sharpening, cleaning, and polishing, at 100 cents per gallon, in 5-gallon cans, and 25 cents per can, for retail.
MORSE BROS., Prop'rs., Canton, Mass.

PIGS FOR SALE.

Of best BREEDS, of all AGES and SIZES. Call and examine, before purchasing elsewhere.
At A. N. TUFTS,
Southwest part of Lexington.

At F. B. DODGE'S,
174 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

You can have your choice of any

Sewing Machine
FOR \$60.

Five Dollars down,
Five Dollars per Month.
Will make large discount for CASH.

All extras go with every machine.

Also Agent for Woburn and vicinity for the



Health-Preserving and Labor-Saving!

By using this TREADLE, all injurious effects now produced by running machines, will be entirely avoided. With less than half the labor, much more work can be done with this than with the old Crank Treadle now in use on all machines. For instance, with one movement of one foot, with this Treadle, you can make from thirty to one hundred stitches on an ordinary Family Machine. The Machine always starts and runs the right way, and can be stopped instantly. Can be applied to all machines. Warranted to give satisfaction. For further particulars call and see it in operation, or send for Descriptive Circular.

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TO

Dodge's Jewelry Store,
174 Main Street, Woburn,

Will offer bargains for the year 1872. Goods at Lower Prices than ever before.

The best assortment of

Scotch Pebble Spectacles

AND
EYE GLASSES
IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

MATTHEW ROWE,

Dealer in

FIRST-CLASS GROCERIES,
ARLINGTON AVENUE,
ARLINGTON, MASS. a15

GO TO

Dodge's Jewelry Store

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FOR

Silver Plated Dining and Tea KNIVES,

Rubber Handle Knives,
Ivory Handle Knives,
Solid Silver and Plated Ware.

Large assortment always on hand.
Will be sold at the LOWEST PRICES.
My goods are all bought for cash, and will give my customers the benefit.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.

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Repairing promptly and neatly executed. Collars a specialty.

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Forwards goods and all express matter to and from BOSTON, ARLINGTON, LEXINGTON, BEDFORD, CONCORD, and CARLISLE.

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RESIDENCE, BEDFORD, MASS.

Offices at C. A. Corey's Store, Bedford, and B. C. Whitcher's Store, Lexington Center, where all orders that are left will be promptly attended to. References made of the prominent men in adjoining towns. Thankful for past favors, they solicit the generous patronage that has been given heretofore.

Arlington Advertisements.

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A good assortment of PURE

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Also all reliable Patent Medicines, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Stationery, Cigars and Confectionery. Prescriptions compounded with great care from the purest materials.
Open on Sunday for the sale of medicines only, from 8 to 10.30 A. M., 1 to 2.30 and 5 to 8 P. M.
Agents for Dr. Kimball's Botanic Cough Balsam.

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TAILOR,

Over Upham's Market, Arlington Ave.,
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Gents' Garments Cut, Made, and Trimmed in the latest styles. Garments repaired and cleaned in the best manner.

CHARLES F. BRADBURY

(Successor to Thomas Ramsdall.)

DEALER IN

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,

Cor. Arlington Ave. and Pleasant St.,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

Particular attention paid to all kinds of CUSTOM WORK: also repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

W. F. WELLINGTON,

Dealer in First-Class

GROCERIES,

Of every description.

Java and other Coffees Ground on the Premises every day.

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Goods delivered in any part of the town or West Medford, free of expense.

Joseph W. Ronco,

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Particular attention given to Cutting, Curling, and Shampooing Ladies' and Children's Hair.

WILLIAM KIMBALL,

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER

AND HORSE SHOER,

Arlington Avenue,

Opp. Whittemore's Hotel,

ARLINGTON.

All branches of repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Particular attention paid to Horse Shoeing.

PASTE that will not stick, but you will stick to it; Livio Florentine Tooth Paste, sold by PEARSON & TOBEY, and is really a fine thing.

TO THE CITIZENS OF ARLINGTON!



A branch store has been recently opened, opposite the Depot, where will be found the usual variety kept in a Fancy Bread Store.

Hot Bread every day at 4 P. M. Fresh Morning Bread, and the best of FANCY CAKE, with all kinds of Fancy Crackers. Orders received for Cake, Ice Cream Fruit, &c., for public and private parties.

Arlington Advertisements.

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A good Assortment of Blankets, Halters, Surchingles, Whips, Cards, Combs, Brushes.

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Repairing promptly and neatly executed.

ADMIRABLE Hair Dressing is the Lustrating Balm sold by PEARSON & TOBEY, Arlington. It cleanses your head of dandruff, and renders the hair soft, smooth, and glossy.

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Goods and Packages of all descriptions carefully handled and promptly delivered.
Thankful for past favors, the patronage of the citizens of Arlington and No. Cambridge is respectfully solicited.

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OYSTERS SERVED IN EVERY STYLE.

SALT, CORNED, & SMOKED FISH of all kinds. Fresh supplies constantly on hand.

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ARLINGTON AVE., Arlington.

Carriages Made and Repaired.

HENRY LOCKE,

DEALER IN

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Vegetables, Fruits, &c.

Pleasant St., Arlington, Mass.

U SHOULD read the **UNION SPY**, a Military Drama, published by John L. Parker, Woburn, Mass., sent prepaid to any address for 15 cents.

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And all goods usually kept in a FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE. Also, a nice assortment of Stationery, Confectionery and Fancy Goods.

To the above stock has just been added an assortment of

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Waltham, Elgin, and U. S. Watches are not excelled by any Watches in the market for time keepers and economy.

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Repairing done in a proper manner.

Goods not in stock supplied to order, and all goods warranted as represented.

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Terms positively cash.

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Men's, Boys' and Youth's,
Women's, Misses' and Children's

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Agent for the Celebrated BURDETT ORGAN.

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Gents' Toilet Slippers made to measure.

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Stoves of all Kinds,

including the Magee Portable Range, Zinc, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, Galvanized Iron Pipe, Hardware, Doty's Clothes Washer, Clothes Wringers.

Kitchen Furnishing Goods, Tin, Japan, Britannia, Glass and Wooden Ware.

Special attention paid to manufacturing Milk Cans of all sizes.

MAIN STREET, EAST LEXINGTON
And Main Street, near the Centre Depot.

Meanwhile Captain Deedes had become hopelessly discouraged in the pursuit of Miss Rosetta Alexander. He frankly owned that he never could get anything more out of her than "Yes" and a sweet smile; and that everybody else got as much, and he had therefore no way of testing his progress. Colonel Sharpe now had all the running to himself, and seemed mightily satisfied. That very evening when the steamer touched at Cairo, Sharpe whispered in exulting accents to Deedes, "I've made it all right with the heiress! She's said yes; and, if papa don't consent I'll run away with her from St. Louis!"

Captain Deedes turned away wondering within himself whether he ought not to warn the papa, began to feel quite ashamed of having given any manner of sanction to Colonel Sharpe and his schemes; but ended by smoking a cigar moodily and saying nothing.

One thing had puzzled and pained Phil Pembroke a little during the voyage. He could not help, now and then, detecting little glances of mutual confidence passing between Alexander and Miss Roberts, his daughter's companion, while no such glances ever passed between Mr. Alexander and his daughter. Was it possible Mr. Alexander was weak enough to think of giving his daughter a young step-mother, and that Miss Roberts, who seemed so noble, was capable even of momentarily humoring such an idea? He put the thought away and would not humor it.

The voyage was drawing to a close. Soon the party would separate, perhaps never to meet again, any of them, unless Phil should say something to one of them whom alone he profoundly longed to meet again, which words he had not spoken. He dreaded the thought of separation. He knew that he loved Miss Roberts now, with his whole heart and that he could never be happy without her. But his prospects were poor; he had as yet made no way in life; he doubted his own worth, he doubted whether he ought to ask the girl to risk her fortune and fate with him and for him. Yet he felt he could not leave the Columbia without at least telling Miss Roberts all, telling her how much he loved her, and asking her if she would wait a little for him.

Late in the evening—in the night indeed—he came on deck. The deck was almost deserted, and he was glad of it. He walked moodily along and watched the darkening shores and gliding trees, where now and then a firefly was gleaming. Suddenly he saw that close to him, at the stern of the boat, two figures were seated, a man and a woman; and the woman was lying with her head on the man's shoulder, and his arm was around her neck. Phil started, and would have turned back unseen, but it was too late. He felt the blood rushing to his face and lightnings dancing before his eyes; for the pair he saw were Mr. Alexander and Miss Roberts.

He heard the whisper of a hasty word or two—and yes, indeed, even something like a half-suppressed laugh, and then Mr. Alexander coolly rose and walked away; and Miss Roberts called to him—Pembroke—by name, and made way for him to sit beside her!

He obeyed, with rage and scorn boiling in his breast, determined to show this worthless girl, this mercenary coquette, how little he cared for her. As he sat he could see that she was still laughing—aye, laughing in his face!

"Mr. Pembroke."

"Madame!"

"Good gracious, what a solemn and melodramatic sound! Are you angry with me?"

"I have no right to be, Madame."

"And you say so in a tone which seems to imply that you have all the right in the world. Pray, Mr. Pembroke, don't be angry; forgive my laughing; I cannot help it. You would laugh if you knew all."

"I don't wish to know anything."

"No, of course, but you are longing to know all the same. Well, Mr. Pembroke, I ask you just for once to believe in me without knowing. I can guess what you have been suspecting, and I won't laugh, if I can; but you are quite wrong. Mr. Alexander is more dear to me than any other being almost on earth, but I have not been flirting with him, or trying to marry him. Do you not believe me?"

She laid her hand gently on his and looked into his face with eyes so pure and a trust so noble that every darksome thought and harsh suspicion were swept from Pembroke's heart, and he pressed her hand to his lips, hardly knowing what he did, and said,

"I believe in you—I love!" Then his whole tale of love poured itself out into her unresisting ear; and although for a while she said no word, he knew that she loved him.

She looked up at last, and said:

"You know what my position is—that I am a poor, dependent girl?"

"I do; thank God for it! I am poor too. How should I dare approach you if you were rich? Let us be poor together, for a while; I shall make my way. I know it now, win or lose, we shall be happy."

There was a moment's pause. Then the girl looked bravely into his face and said:

"Mr. Pembroke, I am no coquette, and no prude. I am not ashamed to own that I feel to you as I never shall to any man else; but if I freely pledge you my undying love it can and shall be on only one condition."

"Any condition you will—only name it quickly."

"That nothing you may hereafter or soon hear about, nothing I now have to tell you, shall induce you to withdraw your offer of love."

Wild thoughts went through Pembroke's agitated mind. Perhaps there was something in the girl's birth, parentage, family history, which she feared he might regard as a stain, and by which she therefore would test the strength of his love. How idle a doubt! What did he care for anything but her own purity and truth? and of these his whole instincts, heart and soul, assured him. He passionately protested that nothing on earth should divide him from her, if she would but promise him her love and hand. He would wait as long as she pleased—years, if she would only give him the pledge that her heart was his.

A bright smile crossed her face even while tears were in her eyes, and she said:

"I have been playing a foolish trick—a mad whim of mine—and I have entrapped you! My name is Rosetta Alexander, and Mr. Alexander is my father and the young lady with sweet smile whom you wouldn't make love to is Virginia Roberts, my waiting maid, the handsomest, best and stupidest girl under the sun. I am quite ashamed of all this masquerade; but I have but lately become rich—and I suppose it has turned my head—and I have not long come out of a convent, and heard that all men were so mercenary, and thought it would be such capital fun to see people making love to Virginia for her supposed fortune! Papa would try to get me the moon if I cried for it, and so he consented very unwillingly, to go into the scheme; and very awkwardly he played his part; and—that's all—except that you are fairly trapped, and can you forgive me?"

Pembroke did forgive her, although he was for the moment honestly disappointed to find that he was not marrying a poor girl. She with her quick and subtle instincts, would probably in any case have divined the truth and nobleness of his character; but it appears that Mr. Alexander and she were already well acquainted, through friends, with our hero's antecedents, and the manly promise of his independent, honest nature. Mutual love did all the rest, and the affection that grew up in six days will last true and bright forever.

Captain Deedes was invited to the wedding. Colonel Sharpe (who was invited) always offers to bet the drinks that Pembroke knew the whole from the beginning. He considers himself an injured man, and plays euchre more steadily than ever.

DISHEARTENERS.—It is cheap and easy to destroy. There is not a joyful boy or innocent girl, buoyant with fine purposes of duty, in all the streets full of eager and rosy faces, but a cynic can chill and dishearten with a single word. Despondency comes soon enough to the most sanguine people. The cynic has only to follow the hint with bitter confirmation, and they go home with a heavier step and premature age. They will themselves quickly enough give the hint he wants to the cold wretch. Which of them has not failed to please where they most wished to please? Or blundered where they were most ambitious of success? Found themselves awkward or tedious or incapable of study, thought, heroism, and only hoped by good sense and fidelity, to do what they could, and pass unblamed? And this wicked malefactor makes their little hopes less with satire and skepticism, and slackens the springs of endeavor. Yes, this is easy; but to help the young soul, add energy, inspire hope, and blow the coals into a useful flame; to redeem the defeat by new thought, by firm action, that is not easy—that is the work of divine men.

A gentleman from the land of the olive and fig, and also of the earthquake and volcano, was in Boston the other day, lodging near the rehearsal rooms of a brass band. He had retired for the night, and was slumbering peacefully, when suddenly a talented artist commenced an elaborate solo on the bass drum, with a muscular accompaniment on the cymbals. Within a moment there came a volley of *carajos* and *carambas* from a window, followed immediately by a dishevelled Spaniard, dressed principally in a necktie and a window sash. He was about to take to the woods when he was persuasively collared, and informed that he was mistaken—that it was not an earthquake, and after considerable argument he was convinced and subdued. It would never do for our Spanish friend to visit Woburn.

Circulation of some of the leading London newspapers: *Daily Telegraph*, 170,000 copies; *Standard*, 140,000; *Daily News*, 90,000; *Times*, 70,000; *Morning Advertiser*, 60,000; *Morning Post*, (aristocratic), 35,000. A few of the weekly sensational papers circulate a million copies each week among the lower classes. The circulation of the *Times*, so much smaller than one would imagine, is due to its very heavy price, six cents, and the majority of its immense number of readers read it in coffee-houses and restaurants.

How God Took Care of Patty.

Patty lived in the country in a white house with green blinds. There was a nice yard with smooth-cut grass and great trees, where the birds would sit singing and swinging on the boughs. Patty had a swing, too, one that papa put up, of good stout rope, that would go up ever so high into the branches.

A short distance back from the house and garden stood three great barns filled with such stores of hidden wonders that Patty seemed never tired of playing in them. But perhaps she liked best to go with mamma, in the early spring-time, into the woods to gather the sweet wild flowers, and search for the delicate ferns and lovely, soft, green mosses. Or, who knows, maybe she liked better still to go into the fields where papa was at work, and make him a little visit.

One morning, it was in the harvest time, Patty was in the kitchen, Bridget was churning, mamma was baking, Patty was helping her mother, and the way she helped was by eating small lumps of sugar, and listening to a story mamma was telling. She wanted very much to roll out the crust to a pie, but mamma said she would help most by sitting still and listening to the story. The butter had come, and Bridget had gone to carry it down into the cool cellar, when the door bell rang; so mamma, dusting the flour from her hands, went herself to answer it. Patty, left alone in the kitchen, soon began to grow lonely; wondering what made mamma gone so long, and where was Bridget; then she opened the cellar-door and called in a sweet little voice, "Bridget! Bridget!" But Bridget was gone up the outside way, and so did not hear.

Patty waited a minute or two, and, getting no reply, she shut the door.

Out of doors it looked bright and sunny. Through the open window came the softened hum of the distant reapers. Patty thought she would like to go out to see papa, and so in another moment the little feet were trotting away across the fields. When she came into the wheat field, she could see the men going down one side, following the reaper, and leaving a shining row of bundles behind.

Patty tried to catch up, but they worked very fast, and by-and-by growing tired, she sat down to rest on a sheaf of wheat. By her side the uncut grain waved back and forth in the sunlight; an old beech-tree cast, pleasant shade where she was sitting; it was very beautiful there. She sat quite still, thinking such sweet little thoughts.

Suddenly a bird flew out of the wheat near by, singing a rich, clear song. Patty clapped her hands in delight, and as the bird rose higher and higher, and the notes grew fainter and sweeter in the distance, she fairly held her breath lest she should lose one of those delicious sounds.

"Perhaps there is a nest in there," thought Patty, when it was still again, and "in there" she went, looking with a pair of bright eyes eagerly about; and, yes, there it was surely, a nest and three of the dearest, sweetest, little birdies. Was there ever anything so funny as those downy little heads with the tiny bill wide open?

Such a nice place for a nest, too, Patty thought. It was like being in a golden forest in there, for the grain was high above her head, and she laughed softly all to herself thinking of it. The yellow straw laughed, too, a waving, murmuring laugh, and tossed its heads back and forth, back and forth, but never whispered to the child of danger, nor even told the men, coming rapidly along, the story of the little girl hidden in its midst. The men came on, the machine leading them, the horses drawing steadily, and the knives cutting sharp and sure.

What was it, do you suppose, that made the farmer stop his team so suddenly? Did he know his little daughter was in danger? No, indeed, he thought she was safely cared for at home. But he was a noble man, with a large, kind heart, and he would not willingly hurt the least of God's creatures; so he said to one of the men: "Here, Tom, come and hold the team. There's a lark's nest up yonder somewhere near the old tree. I'll hunt it up, and you can drive around so as not to hurt the birds."

Ah, what a cry of surprise uttered when he found his darling Patty sitting there! How fast his heart beat when he thought of the danger she had been in, and how thrilled and softened as he caught her up to his arms, covering her face with kisses, and saying, "It was the birds that saved her!"

When the first excitement with the men was over, and Patty had been carried safely home in her father's arms, and the men were going down the field again leaving a wide uncut space around the lark's nest, somebody—it was a great rough-looking man—said, while the tears glistened in his eyes, and his voice grew husky, "God bless the little birds."—*Happy Hours.*

A story comes from France that a beautiful but strong-minded lady living in Boulogne sent a challenge to the publisher of a humorous journal, who had "twice concerned himself with her private affairs." A formal acceptance of the duel was returned, the choice of arms were waived, but a decided preference for those of the lady herself was expressed. Reconciliation followed, and the wedding trip is to the United States.

The Boston Button Company.

Our subscribers will remember the fact of the destruction by fire of the factory of the Boston Button Co., then located in Winchester, some ten miles from the city. Almost immediately after the fire, the company secured an estate in the town of Medford, on the line of the Boston & Lowell R. R., and commenced the erection of the factory which they now occupy. During the building of this factory, a portion of the machinery saved from the fire, was removed to Woburn, and there run until its completion, in August last.

This factory is a fine wooden building 55x25 feet with an ell 55x20 feet, and is situated at the "Medford Steps" station of the railroad. The main floor of the building is occupied as a counting room, a machine shop, for making and repairing the machines, and for cutting out the backs of the metal and canvass, the filling of pasteboard, and the covers of all the various qualities of fabrics. The metallic backs and the filling of pasteboard are cut out and formed by machinery, but the covers and the backs of canvas are cut by dies struck by a mallet in the hand.

On the floor above are the button machines, twelve in number, each machine being tended by two girls. These machines are the invention of Mr. W. W. Wade, are patented by him, and are the only automatic button machines in the country, and the rapidity and perfection with which they will manufacture buttons, must be a marvel to every one but their inventor.

The factory is at the present time running about two-thirds of its machinery, and manufacturing about four hundred gross of button per day, of the various kinds. Were all the machines in operation, and each machine constantly upon one description and size of butt, the product would readily reach one thousand gross per day.

The works are run by steam power, and the building is heated by steam pipes connecting with the same boiler furnishing the engine. In the basement besides the boiler, are the coal bunks, store room for pasteboard and metallic stock, etc. Here also is the well, with force pump and hose in case of fire. From this well water is forced into a tank on the upper floor from which an iron pipe descends through the chimney to the floors below, thus furnishing hot water at neither cost or labor.

In their new building, with their increased facilities, the Boston Button Co. are now more than ever prepared to furnish buttons to the entire satisfaction of the trade. The buttons of this company are in better repute and in greater demand among clothiers, cap manufacturers and other consumers, than any other, and their buttons for upholstering purposes are given the preference over all others, wherever they have been tried.—*Cabinet Maker.*

PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE AS IT WAS.—In the earlier days of Printing-House Square, New York city, before the name of the square had been thought of, no printing was done on the premises. The American Tract Society was the pioneer, and next the "New York Observer." When the Tract Society was formed in 1825, the ground on which its beautiful building now stands was occupied by a miserable old wooden tavern, and its surroundings on Nassau and Spruce streets were in keeping with it. Spruce-street was a narrow lane, but soon after widened thirty feet. On its north-east corner, "The Sun," the first daily penny paper, and "The Plebeian," were printed, before the "Tribune" building was erected.

Directly opposite the Tract House on Nassau-street, where the "Times" office now is, was an old one story wooden lecture-room, and on Beekman-street was the Brick Church, between which was a graveyard with many brown and broken headstones.

From the upper stories of the Tract House, between the church and lecture-room, there was a delightful outlook across the Park. In 1826, the "New York Observer" occupied the third story of the building. One afternoon after a beautiful shower, when the declining sun was shining with all its brilliancy through the opening leaves and upon the green grass of the Park, a number of gentlemen were admiring the view, Professor Morse graphically remarked, "The people who occupy this house have a fine prospect beyond the grave!"

After a few years the wooden lecture-room gave place to a large Brick Chapel, which stood till 1856, when it was demolished with the Brick Church itself, and the beautiful "Times Building" was erected, covering the whole area.

The improvement thus commenced by the Tract Society in 1825, has since been steadily going on. New buildings have been erected. Spruce-street has been almost wholly built up, and Nassau-street rebuilt far down below Beekman and Ann streets. The printing has been extended, till in addition to all the book printing, several of the leading secular and religious journals are located upon and send out their immense daily and weekly issues from Printing-House Square.—*Christian Weekly.*

Do not waste what powers you have in vain regrets that you have not greater.

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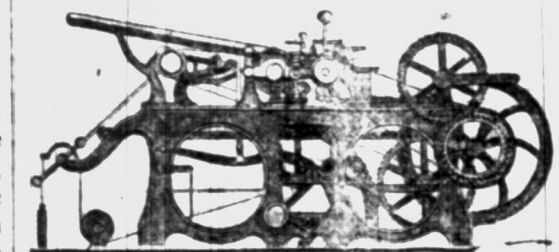
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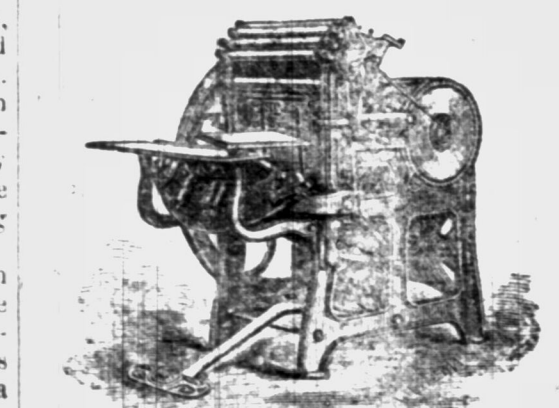
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